

Board of work

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

WHERE IS IT?

Chief Clarke's Report Lost Sight Of.

A GOOD WINTER'S READING

For the Different Members of the Police Committee.

THE CHIEF CALLS ON MRS. COVAY BEFORE THE INVESTIGATION.

The Evening Orations Discontinued—The Seized Liquor that was Not Destroyed Changes Its Location—Rawlings and Covay Still on Duty.

The evidence taken before Chief Clarke in the Covay investigation is still in the hands of the police committee. It is a bigger elephant than sitting Magistrate Jones had on his hands when the youngsters appeared before him last week. The committee do not know what to do with it. The evidence is very good reading, and the members of the committee have been lending it to each other—like the small boys do with dime novels—to pass away their long winter evenings.

If Ald. Lockhart has not called upon Ald. McKelvey within the last few days, the alderman for Prince ward, has it in his possession. He had "after" Chairman Tufts, and Ald. Lockhart bespoke it "after" him. They say it is a very interesting story, although the chapters are rather short, and that there is a sameness about it not found in ordinary police or detective stories. It contains more testimonials as to the good character of Sgt. Covay than *Ayer's Almanac* does about *Ayer's pills* and *Hair Vigor* combined. There are one or two things in it that are not very complimentary to Sgt. Covay, but he is probably like Dr. McQuade of Shamrock oil fame: he "couldn't please everybody, and did not give a snap for a man who tried to." Dr. McQuade offered this as evidence of the remarkable qualities of his oil. Perhaps Capt. Rawlings allowed these bits of evidence to "go," for the same purpose.

The police committee has had quite a time of it since the charges were made. On the Saturday morning *PROGRESS* published the interview with Mrs. Woodburn, Chairman Tufts and other members of the committee, including Ald. Kelly, chairman of the board of public safety and ex-officio member of the committee, went to the police station. When Chief Clarke saw them he was very indignant. He protested that they had nothing to do with him, and he could dispose of the charges himself. The police committee had no authority over him. He cooled down, however, and heard the statements of Mrs. Woodburn, which she told the Chief and the committee that she was prepared to swear to. But it was not necessary.

Ald. Tufts says that he left the police station with the understanding that the matter would be left with the Chief, but that would be notified to be in attendance on the day that the investigation was to be held, and that in case he was unable to be present, some other member of the committee would be notified.

But Ald. Tufts received no notice! Nor did any other member of the committee. They did not know anything about the investigation until it appeared in the papers. The committee stood in the back ground and said nothing. They had "nothing to do with the case." Chief Clarke found that Capt. Rawlings could give him all the advice and assistance necessary, and he had no use for the committee while the investigation lasted.

But he had when it was finished. The chief was evidently at a loss to know what to do with all the evidence he had taken. He thought of the board of public safety. He knew that this body would hand it to the police committee. He also knew the police committee could not act in the matter. He told them so before he began the investigation.

Chief Clarke knew that he was the only man who had power to deal with the matter. It may be that the conference held on Sunday night, a week ago, decided to give the police committee some winter reading, but they should have had the evidence printed and furnished enough copies to go round.

The committee feel that they have been placed in a pretty bad position. It has been given out to the public that the matter has been left for them to deal with, whereas they are utterly powerless.

If the committee can not act, and Chief Clarke will not act, the only course left open seems to be that the matter be handed over to the provincial government.

This is the view the police committee takes of it at present. Meanwhile the people must wait until the council meets. It is quite probable that at the next meeting a long resolution will be presented, showing the alarming condition of the police force, and setting forth the fact that the government having seen fit to appoint W. Walker Clarke to the office of chief of police, and "whereas" the council has power to do nothing except pay his salary; "therefore be it resolved" that the government be memorialized to take some action toward restoring order on the force, which is generally conceded to be a discredit to the city.

Chief Clarke has conducted the investigation in a manner that must give Sgt. Covay entire satisfaction. He has been successful in throwing it upon a body of men who can do nothing but read the evidence. He may be of the opinion that they will get tired of pondering over their helplessness, and let the matter drop in disgust.

If the chief had not had private conferences with Ald. Kelly, he might have been able to claim all the credit for this skillful piece of engineering.

However, he has managed so far to do all he led Mrs. Covay to believe he would, on the day when the charges against the sergeant first appeared in *PROGRESS*.

He called upon Mrs. Covay at her home as early as he possibly could after the charges appeared, and assured her that there was no need of her worrying herself. He believed the charges to be entirely false, and would hold a "thorough investigation."

He assured her that he thought more of the sergeant than any other man on the force, and that she need not be a bit alarmed. He also told her that *PROGRESS* was a scandalous paper, and not fit to be in any respectable house.

A copy of *PROGRESS* can be found at Chief Clarke's residence, Lancaster Heights, every Saturday.

It is not on record whether Chief Clarke visited the families of the other men on the force when charges were made against them. As he claims to be a model of fairness, it is to be supposed he did. If he assured their wives that everything would be all right and they need not be alarmed, he has failed to keep his promises. Several men have been suspended or dismissed since he commenced to wear a Seymour coat, with an abundance of braid, and a gold band on his hat.

THE LECTURES DISCONTINUED.

Their Effect Lost upon the Police Audience and the Public.

The lectures at the police station have been discontinued for the present. A press of other matters has, probably, made it impossible for the Chief to give the time to their preparation, that the importance of the subjects to be treated deserve. As a lecturer Chief Clarke has been a tremendous success. His efforts were too good to keep, and those who heard them could not help imparting the fund of information they received to their friends.

The chief complains that his orations are printed almost as soon as they are delivered. This shows how modest he is. Some lecturers, and even clergymen, have been known to take their efforts to the newspaper offices, all condensed and rewritten, and ready for publication. *PROGRESS* can assure the chief that his efforts are worth reading, or they would not be printed in this paper.

There may be other reasons for depriving the men of these literary treats. Perhaps he is beginning to find out that the subjects of them—Capt. Rawlings and Sgt. Covay—are not so very much nobler and more exemplary characters than the other men on the force. Then again, his efforts on "Fairness, or how all men should be dealt with alike," may not have been swallowed by his hearers to his entire satisfaction.

If Chief Clarke wants to uphold his reputation as a lecturer on these subjects, and tell his subordinates how they should act if they would be true men, he should take his texts from some different source than from the writings of Capt. Rawlings and Sergeant Covay.

NO SUSPENSIONS IN THIS CASE.

The Captain has been doing very Active Duty, and Manly Acts.

It has been customary on the police force for officers who had charges made against them to be suspended until an investigation was held. This was the case when men were reported for such trivial offences as leaving their beats for ten or fifteen minutes. Charges that were far from trivial—indeed more serious ones could hardly have been imagined—have been made against Sgt. Covay and Capt. Rawlings, yet they were not suspended for a day, and have been active doing police duty ever since.

Capt. Rawlings has been doing very active duty. He succeeded in arresting McKinnon, Thursday, despite the fact that

he got badly used and beaten. But McKinnon had a small black mark under his eye when he was being transferred to the central police station. He claims that this was not done in the struggle when he was arrested. According to his story, he was warm and thirsty after the excitement he had come through, and asked Capt. Rawlings to hand him a drink of water. He was in a cell in the Water street lockup at the time, and the water had to be handed to him through a small opening in the door. McKinnon claims that as he stood up to receive the water, the gallant Captain's arm shot through the hole in the door and hit him in the face.

HE BUYS "PROGRESS."

Capt. Rawlings Wanted Back Numbers to Complete His File.

Last Saturday was a field day with *PROGRESS*. Chief Clarke's remark, that it was business to sell as many papers as possible, had considerable truth in it, but even he could not imagine the demand there was for the last issue. Hundreds of extras were printed in anticipation of a good sale, and every copy was sold early in the day. In the later part of the morning the newsboys supply ran out, and the dealers had not enough to supply even the afternoon demand. There are a good many people who keep a file of *PROGRESS*, and some of them came near missing their copy of last week. Capt. Rawlings was one of these evidently, for he walked into the office quite early in the forenoon and bought a paper, more than this he paid his three cents for it. In this respect he is an improvement upon some other policemen. He wanted copies of several weeks past, and especially of the week previous, but he could not get them. The file of the paper had to be kept intact, and the burly captain could not be obliged. He looked pleasant, but carried his two-foot-nine cane in very unutilitarian fashion when he retired. The writer did not observe, however, that he was in uniform. No doubt being under a serious charge he had been relieved from his duties for a time. It is this was not the fact it should have been.

Another Opinion.

A very painful impression has been created in the city by the charges affecting an official and members of the police force. This impression has gone abroad to distant cities and involves to some extent a reflection upon the fair fame of the city. That the guardians of the city's peace and order should be themselves lawbreaking and orderly is a first requisite to an efficient force. It is almost equally important that there should be mutual respect between the officers and members of the police body. Without this discipline cannot be maintained or efficient service rendered. Unfortunately some of these important requisites are wanting. The trouble is not altogether of recent growth, but it only adds to the seriousness of existing complications that the causes have been for months and years in operation. We shall not now pronounce upon the merits of the charges and counter charges, some of which other tribunals are yet to decide upon. But whatever the results there must be taken with a firm hand to remove disturbing and incongruous elements, and to restore harmony to the force.—*Editorial in Monday's Telegraph.*

Why was the Police Liquor Store Changed?

There is an uncomfortable story going the round of the force, to the effect that all the seized liquor has been transferred to the charge of the chief. It is known, of course, that when informations are made some liquor is usually seized. A good many informations have been made this year and much liquor has been confiscated. It was kept, up to a short time ago, in Inspector Rawlings' room. For some reason or other—the police officers have made a pretty shrewd guess at the correct one—the liquor was carried below, and what remains of it now is kept under double lock by the chief.

An Uncomfortable Ten Minutes.

Chief Clarke should note the fact that in the Rawlings perjury case this week, two of the witnesses gave sworn testimony which throws some light on Covay's case. It would seem that since he refused to conduct a proper investigation that circumstances were forcing the truth upon him.

Again only a few minutes later when Mrs. Woodburn passed down and out of the building she saw the Chief in his office and offered then and there to return and swear to all the statements she had made about Covay. She was not satisfied with this but repeated many of them in detail. It was an uncomfortable ten minutes for the Chief.

The Gallery is Noisy.

It has been a question whether the shows that have appeared at the Institute during the last few months have been given for the benefit of the gallery or all parts of the hall alike. The gallery seems to have the best of it. If a few policemen were placed there and some kind of order kept, it might add to the attendance in other parts of the house.

A MONUMENT DESIGN.

Suggested by Mr. Kaye, for the late Fred Young.

A design for the proposed monument to the late Fred Young, has been submitted to *PROGRESS*, Mr. by J. H. Kaye, the artistic merit of which must be apparent even to the most careless eye. The monument itself is a simple shaft tapering towards the top, where it broadens again in vase shape to support a figure of the lad as he stands just before springing into the water. So perfectly natural and easy is the pose of the figure that it might be an instantaneous photograph, taken when the boy was walking rapidly, you almost expect to see him step from the shaft. In his left hand he carries a life preserver, the muscles of the arm drawn to fullest tension by the firmness of his hold, the right hand grasps a coil of rope. The head is uplifted with an indescribable alertness and eagerness, and the eyes gaze anxiously forward with the same eager brightness. No detail of costume is neglected; the figure is represented in flannel shirt and trousers, the sleeves of the shirt rolled up, and the neat little scarf tie, fluttering in the breeze. At the base of the shaft stand two Fusiliers with heads bowed, and hands clasped over their reversed and grounded muskets, their overcoats supplying the folds of drapery needed to make their severe costume picturesque.

The whole design is full of poetry, and tells its story at the first glance. Such a monument placed in one of the squares could not fail to attract the eyes of visitors to the city, and would fittingly commemorate a deed, which has already made that city famous.

PROGRESS will publish an engraving of the design next week.

AMHERST IS A LIVE TOWN.

A Prayer Meeting, Card Party and Poker Dinner in One Night.

Of all the bright little towns the writer ever came across, Amherst takes the palm for its size. If one chances to be "one of the boys," he can have more fun to the square inch in that small vestibule to Nova Scotia, than in lots of towns fourtimes its size.

He can enjoy any kind of dissipation the particular bent of his mind inclines him to, from the mild excitement of a prayer meeting, to the delirious joy of draw poker with a five dollar ante. A friend of the writer went down to Amherst this week on a little matter of business, and this was what he had to say about it when he came back.

"I got through with my business, after tea and as I had to wait till three o'clock in the morning for my train I thought I might as well do what I could to kill time, so I went to an entertainment that was given by the Y. M. C. A., and enjoyed myself very much. They had social, instrumental music and recitations, and after it was over I went to see a relative who lived in town, and completed the evening. We played a game called 'Nations' and had great fun. 'Nations' is played, as everyone knows, with cards which are lavishly decorated with pictures of the most instructive character, representing the noble savage in all the glory of war paint and feathers, his meek and lowly squaw, and his skiptul papoose. There are also pictures of maps, four in each pack of cards, and the rest are embellished with steeples, houses, mud huts, and camps; showing the different dwelling of the different nations, according to their degree of civilization and culture. You know the game, of course, so I need not describe it to you, but the great beauty of those cards is their adaptability; you can take those same innocent looking pieces of pasteboard, and play as straight a game of poker with them cards as if they were genuine poker dice. The Indian represents the king, the squaw answers for the queen, the papoose or small boy stands for the knave, and the map is the ace, the steeples houses, mud huts, and camps represent the spot cards, and having mastered these little details, it is comparatively easy 'to see and go you one better.'

"After the game was over, I returned to my hotel and as I still had a couple of hours to spare before train time, I strolled down to the coffee room, and watched a few choice spirits playing poker. They were playing with poker dice, and there was \$25 in the pot. I saw one man win \$200 while I was looking on. Oh, yes! Amherst is a lively town, I can assure you, and you can find lots of ways of spending a pleasant evening there. Come along next time I go down, and we'll have some fun!"

The First Time in 23 Years.

Treasurer John White was absent from his post at the annual meeting of the St. Andrews Society, Thursday evening, for the first time in 23 years, and on Friday morning his friends and brother members joined in congratulations upon a happy event in his family circle.

TIMOTHY CUSICK TALKS.

ON PAVING STONES AND BALLAST VERSUS THE DUMP.

Some Facts About the Main Street Pavement—About \$20,000 Expended already—No Plans to Work by—Useless and Expensive Excavation.

It was nearly 11 o'clock and the drowsy writer was thanking more of a good night's sleep than any civic rascality when, *Ting a ling ling*, the door bell sounded and a minute later a zealous taxpayer was pouring a tale into his ears. He evidently was one of the few men who think that their yearly contribution to the Chamberlain's coffers give them a personal interest in the affairs of the corporation. They consequently watch proceedings closely.

Some hundreds of tons of ballast which had come from Main Street, now being excavated for the pavement, had aroused the callers' suspicions that the excavator, Mr. T. Cusick, who always knows a good thing when he sees it, was making a fat thing out of the transfer. He stated that these stones cost the city so much per ton. Mr. Cusick got them for nothing and sold them for ten cents less per ton than the city paid for them.

Timothy is always at home after six, and the writer called upon him. There is no guile about the burly contractor. He talks so straight and with such force that he must convince his random acquaintances that he knows a good many facts, and can express them.

Mr. Cusick was weary and had thrown himself on a settee for a preliminary nap, when *PROGRESS* roused him. He was not over a minute getting at the fact that he was talking to a newspaper man who was after some information—what he did not know.

He soon cleared up the mystery, however, by stating that he was the contractor for Mr. Fisher, and that he put the stone where he was told. The paving stones went on the street, and the larger rocks that were of no use to any person, the city gave to him (Mr. Cusick). He had sold some for ballast, but if he had not done that, they would have gone over the dump. Contractor Cusick smiled grimly when he said it was better to sell them for ballast than put them over the dump.

"How are you getting along with the excavation, Mr. Cusick," asked *PROGRESS*? "Goin' it blind," laughed Timothy. "Did you ever play bluff? Well, this is the biggest game of bluff I ever played. I've got a dollar and gone it blind, but this knocks me."

"To tell you the facts," resumed Mr. Cusick, after a short pause, "we hardly know what we are doing. When Mr. Fisher asked me for a figure on excavation, I gave him twenty cents a square yard, and he made his estimate upon that. Of course that was figuring upon a ten inch excavation. I have been digging into three feet of rock a good many days since then."

"No arrangement has been made for this extra work," Mr. Fisher is depending upon the city to treat him right, and I am looking to Mr. Fisher, who is square enough for anyone. Before we had got to the head of Dock street the grade began to get deeper, and it was two feet and over in a very short time. Then it got to be three feet, and I am cutting about three feet now."

"We are supposed to have an engineer in charge," said Mr. Cusick, "but I have not seen a plan or a line for a guide. We are working in the dark entirely. I can't tell for the life of me why it was necessary to go to all this extra expense of so much cutting."

Mr. Cusick speaks nothing but the truth, when he talks in this strain. People are coming to the conclusion that the paving of Main street will be the most expensive feature of the union of the cities. The house and shop owners along the street are indignant that the street is being lowered so much. The sidewalk must follow of course—another expense to the city—and then the houses must come down to the level of the sidewalk. One gentleman said that it cost him \$600 to lower his house, which was now on solid rock, and he asked if they were going to make him come down still more. "Ask Director Smith," said a bystander. "He knows all about it." Mr. Smith referred him to Engineer Peters, the responsible man.

That appears to be the trouble. There is no boss. Engineer Peters is taking his head for the business, and is doing it in a queer way.

Some 15,000 square yards have been done already, which under the contract price, would mean between \$16,000 and \$17,000 for Mr. Fisher. But the extra excavation will cost a great deal, besides other extra charges. Then the contractor who supplies the blocks has his little bill, and the inspection, etc., all add to the charges, to say nothing of the invaluable services of Director Smith, Superintendent Martin, and Engineer Peters.

Add to this cost the figure for lowering the sidewalks, and the pavement bill will paralyze the town.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

Maritime Canadians in Boston to Meet November 26th.

One of the most original and unique entertainments ever given in the United States, or anywhere else, is that which will take place on the 26th, at Tremont Temple, Boston. The primal object seems to be a reunion of the natives of the maritime provinces, who will be drawn together by a common bond, that of patriotism. The entertainment is itself a novel one consisting of music by the best artists, addresses by prominent Canadians, and a series of pictures not only of the most famous Canadian scenery, but also of Canadian cities, Canadian industries, and Canadian engineering feats. There will be represented King's College, Windsor, the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, Prince of Wales College, Truro, Normal School, Chignecto Ship Railway, St. John Cantilever bridge, Halifax dry dock, and Northumberland Straits tunnel.

Views of the fisheries at Bay Chaleur, Lockport, Arichat, and Souris. The latter part of the evening will be devoted to a social reunion.

The object of this entertainment seems to be to keep alive the flame of patriotism in the breasts of Canadians who are absent from their native land, and to foster that love of country, which is or ought to be inherent in every heart, more especially in every heart that can claim as its birthplace, the Land of the Maple.

In A Halifax Theatre.

A St. John man, who returned from Halifax this week, saw some things in the Academy of Music there that surprised him. It was pay day with the navy, and sailors were in every part of the hall, many of whom took an active part in the performance. When one of the actors be-moaned his fate in not having anyone to love him, one of the sailors said he would love him, in a tone of voice that a boatswain would have reason to be proud of. There were several repetitions of this as the play went on. They changed the old order of things and instead of going "out between the acts," produced bottles and tipped them back in full view of the audience. One of the company finally came before the curtain, and asked that the company be allowed to conduct the show.

Mr. Slipp Will Pay His Racing Entries.

Secretary Magee called upon *PROGRESS* this week in reference to A. L. Slipp, of Truro, and his entrance fees. *PROGRESS* stated that Mr. Slipp went away without paying them which was quite true, but Mr. Magee tempers this fact by another, that Mr. Slipp offered him the money during the exhibition to pay for his entrance fees. Mr. Magee was not prepared to take it just then, and wishes to correct the impression that Mr. Slipp was unwilling to pay. *PROGRESS* will be glad to get an explanation from Mr. Slipp of his exhibition entries, and why he did not pay them before he left, and refused the draft for them later.

How It is Worked on City Road.

There is a place on the City Road where liquor is sold without a license, and the police know it; but cannot find any when they make a "raid." On their last visit every part of the house was searched, even the beds being turned inside out. No liquor was found. The officers did not know enough to go into the adjoining house and have a look around them. When a customer wants something to drink, the woman taps at a window looking out into a narrow alleyway, and then lifts it. A pitcher is passed in from the next house, and the customer gets all the liquor he can drink.

They Saw Millie and Went Home.

The professional men who went to the Institute Monday evening were very ill at ease before Miss Millie Christine made her appearance. They went there for the purpose of attending the reception, and did not bargain for the rankest end of a variety show. Hence the restlessness of a number of guests, and inquiries as to the object of putting the medical profession, clergy and press on exhibition. But when Miss Christine appeared and spoke to them with both heads, and danced with four feet, and gave sufficient evidence to the least modest of the medical men that she was all that was claimed for her, they were satisfied, and a number left the hall.

A Big Night at the Depot.

When the depot is crowded there is always some fun. It was crowded Wednesday evening. A large proportion of the travellers were bound for the lumber woods, and they were feeling as good as the syrup to be had in the vicinity of the depot could make them. But when they began to dance in the halls and waiting rooms the officers made themselves very prominent, and the thought of staying over in a small square room put an end to the merriment. The western train carried an extraordinary load of passengers, there being 141 second-class passengers, and 40 first-class, besides the local travel.

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